THE 25

HUNTING

OF

Chevy Chace

Chevy Chace

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The Hunting of Chevy-Chaſe.

GOD proſper long our noble king,
our lives and ſafeties all,
A woeful hunting once there did,
in Chevy chaſe befal.
To drive the deer with hound and horn,
earl Piercy took his way,
The babe may rue that was unborn,
the hunting of that day.
The ſtout earl of Northumberland,
a vow to God did make,
His pleaſure in the Scottiſh woods,
three ſummer days to take.
The choiceſt hearts of Chevy-chaſe,
to kill and bear away,
Theſe tidings to Lord Douglas came,
in Scotland where he lay.
Who ſent earl Piercy preſent word,
he wou'd prevent the ſport,
The Engliſh earl not fearing him,
did to the woods reſort.
With twenty hundred bowman bold,
all choſen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need,
to aim their ſhafts a-right
The gallant grey hounds ſwiftly ran,
to chaſe the fallow deer,
On Monday they began to hunt,
when day-light did appear
And long before high noon they had,
an hundred fat bucks ſlain,
Then having din'd the rovers went,
to rouſe them up again
The bowmen muſter'd on the hill.
well able to endure,

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Their back-ſides all with ſpecial care,
that day were guarded ſure.
The hounds ran ſwiftly through the wood,
the nimble deer to take;
And with their cries the hills and and dales,
an echo ſhrill did make.
Earl Piercy to the quarry went,
to view the fallow-dear,
Quoth he earl Douglas promiſed,
this day to meet me here,
But if I thought he would not come,
no longer would I ſtay;
With that a brave young gentleman,
thus to the earl did ſay,
Lo! yonder doth Lord Douglas come,
his men in armour bright,
Full fifteen hundred Scottiſh ſpears,
all marching in our ſight.
All pleaſant men of Tiviotdale,
dwell by the river Tweed,
Then ceaſe your ſport, earl Piercy ſaid:
And take your bows with ſpeed,
And now with me my countrymen,
your courage to advance,
For there was ne'er a champion yet,
in Scotland or in France;
That ever did on horſeback come,
but if my hap it were,
I durſt encounter man for man
with him to break a ſpear,
Lord Douglas on a milk white ſteed,
moſt like a Baron bold.
Rode foremoſt of the company,
whoſe armour ſhone like gold.
Shew me, ſaid he, whoſe men ye be,
that hunt ſo boldly here;

That without my conſent do chaſe,
and kill my fallow deer,
The firſt man that did anſwer make,
was noble Piercy he.
Who ſaid, we liſt not to declare,
nor ſhew whoſe men we be.
Yet we well ſpend our deareſt blood,
the choiceſt harts to ſlay
Then Douglas ſwore a ſolemn oath
and thus in rage did ſay,
Ere I ſhall thus out-braved be,
one of us two ſhall die,
I know thee well an earl thou art,
lord Piercy ſo am I
But truſt me Piercy, pity it were,
and great offence to kill,
Any of theſe our harmleſs men,
for they have done no ill,
Let thee and I the battle try,
and ſet our men aſide;
Accurſt be he ſaid earl Piercy,
by whom it is deny'd.
Then ſtept a gallant 'ſquire forth,
Withringtoh was his name,
Who ſaid he would not have it told,
to Henry his king, for ſhame.
That e'ermy captain fought on foot,
and I ſtood looking on,
You be two earls, ſaid Withrington,
and I a 'ſquire alone,
I'll do the beſt that I may do,
while I have power to ſtand.
Whilſt I have power to wield my ſword,
I'll fight with heart and hand,
Our Scottiſh archers bent their bows,
their hearts were good and true,

At the firſt flight of arrows ſent,
they fourſcore Engliſh flew.
To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Douglas bade on the bent;
A captain mov'd with meikle pride,
the ſpears and ſhivers weat,
They clos'd full faſt on every ſide,
no flackneſs there was found,
And many a gallant gentleman,
lay gaſping on the ground,
O! but it was a grief to ſee,
and likewiſe for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
all ſcatter'd here and there.
At laſt theſe two ſtout earls did meet,
like chieftians of great might,
Like lions mov'd they fear'd no lord,
they made a gallant fight,
They fought untill they both did ſweat,
with ſwords of temper'd ſteel,
Untill the blood like drops of rain,
they trinkling down did fall
Yield thee, lord Piercy, Douglas ſaid,
in faith I will the bring,
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be,
by James our noble king.
Thy ranſom I will freely give.
and this report of thee,
Thou art the moſt courageous knight,
I ever yet did ſee,
No Douglaſs, quoth lord Piercy then,
thy proffer I do ſcorn,
I will not yield to any Scot,
that ever yet was born.
With that there came an arrow keen,
out of an Engliſh bow,

Which ſtruck lord Douglas to the heart,
a deep and deadly blow;
Who never ſpoke more words than thoſe,
fight on my merry men all,
For why my life, is at an end,
lord Piercy ſees me fall,
Then leaving life, lord Piercy took
the dead man by the hand.
And ſaid, Lord Douglas for thy ſake,
would I had loſt my land
Oh! but my very heart doth bleed,
with ſo row for thy ſake!
For ſure a more renowned knigth,
miſchance did never take
A knight among the Scots there was,
who ſaw earl Douglas die.
And ſtraight in wrath did vow revenge,
upon the earl Piercy,
Sir Hugh Montgomery he was call'd,
who with a ſpear full bright
Well mounted on a gallant ſteed,
rode fiercely through the fight,
He paſt the Engliſh archers all
without e'er dread or fear,
And through earl Piercy's body then,
he thurſt his hateful ſpear,
With ſuch a vehement force and might,
he did his body gore,
The ſpear went through the other ſide,
a full cloth-yard and more,
So thus did both theſe nobles die,
whoſe courage none could ſtain,
An Engliſh archer then perceived.
his noble lord was ſlain;
He had a bow bent in his hand,
made of truſty tree,

An arrow of cloth yard's length,
unto the head drew he;
Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery then,
ſo right his ſhaft he ſet.
The grey-gooſe wing that was thereon,
in his heart's blood was wet
The fight did laſt from break of day,
till ſetting of the ſun.
For when they rung the evening bell,
the battle ſcarce was done.
With the lord Piercy there was ſlain,
Sir John of Ogorton.
Sir Robert Ratcliff and Sir John,
Sir James that bold Baron.
Sir George, and alſo good ſir Hugh,
both knights of good account:
Good Sir Ralph Raby, there was ſlain,
whoſe prowels did ſurmount.
For Withrington, I needs muſt wail,
as one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were ſmitten off,
he ſtill fought on his ſtumps
And with earl Douglas there was ſlain,
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Murray that from the field,
one foot would never flee:
Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,
his ſiſter's ſon was he.
Sir David Lamb ſo well eſteem'd,
yet could not ſaved be.
And the lord Maxwell, in likewiſe,
did with earl Douglas die,
Of fifteen hundred Scottiſh ſpears,
went home but fifty three,
Of twenty hundred Engliſhmen,
ſcarce fifty five did flee,

The reſt were ſlain at Chevy-Chaſe,
under the green wood tree.
Next day did many widows come,
there huſbands to bewail,
They waſh'd their wounds in briny tears,
but all could not prevail,
Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
they carried them away:
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand times,
when they were cold as clay,
The news were brought to Edinburgh,
where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave earl Douglas ſuddenly,
was with an arrow ſlain,
Now God be with him ſaid our King,
ſince it will no better be,
I truſt I have in my realm,
five hundred as good as he,
Like tiddings to King Henry came.
within as ſhort a ſpace,
That Piercy of Northumberland,
was ſlain at Chevy-Chaſe,
O! heavy news! King Henry ſaid.
England can witneſs be,
I have not any captain more,
of ſuch account as he,
Now of the reſt of ſmall account,
did many hundreds die,
Thus ends the hunt of Chevy-Chaſe,
made by the earl Piercy.
God ſave the King, and bleſs the land.
with Plenty Joy and Peace,
And grant henceforth that foul debates
'twixt noblemen may ceaſe,

FINIS.

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